LANSING STATE REPUBLICAN.

BY HOSMER & KERR. | LANSING, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1859. | VOL. 5, NO. 6.—WHOLE NO. 214.

OFFICIAL STATE DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS.

MOSES WISNER, Governor.
EDMUND B. FAIRFIELD, Lieutenant Governor
NELSON G. ISBELL, Secretary of State.
EDWIN A. THOMPSON, Deputy do
DANIEL L. CASE, Auditor General.
EZRA JONES, Deputy do
JOHN McKINNEY, State Treasurer.
THEODORE HUNTER, Deputy do
JACOB M. HOWARD, Attorney General
JOHN M. GREGORY, Superintendent Pub. Instruction.
CORTLANDT B. STEBBINS, Deputy do
JAMES W. SANBORN, Commissioner State Land Office.
JOHN B. TREADWELL, Deputy do
FREDERICK W. CURTENIUS, Adj. and Qr. Master Gen.

JUSTICES OF SUPREME COURT.

GEORGE MARTIN, Chief Justice.
ISAAC P. CHRISTIANCY, Associate Justice.
JAMES V. CAMPBELL, " "
RANDOLPH MANNING, " "

JUDGES OF THE CIRCUIT COURTS.

1st Dist. EDWARD H. C. WILSON
2d " NATHANIEL BACON
3d " BENJ. F. H. WITHERELL
4th " EDWIN LAWRENCE
5th " BENJAMIN F. GRAVES
6th " SANFORD M. GREEN
7th " JOSIAH TURNER
8th " LOUIS S. LOVELL
9th " FLAVIUS J. LITTLEJOHN
10th " WILBUR F. WOODWORTH
Upper Peninsula, DANIEL GOODWIN

JOHN R. KELLOGG, GEORGE WILLARD, WITTER J. BAXTER, — Board of Education.

1st Dist. LEVI L. BAXTER
2d " J. EASTMAN JOHNSON,
3d " LEVI BISHOP,
4th " DONALD McINTYRE,
5th " E. LAKIN BROWN,
6th " HENRY WHITING,
7th " LUKE H. PARSONS,
8th " OLIVER L. SPAULDING, — Regents of the University

JAMES A. WALKER, BENJAMIN PIERSON, I. P. LE ROY, — Trustees of Asylum for Deaf, Dumb and Blind
REV. B. M. FAY, Principal
Asylum for Deaf, Dumb and Blind—Flint.

JEREMIAH P. WOODBURY, HENRY MONTAGUE, LUTHER H. TRASK, ZINA FITCHER, CHARLES COGGESHALL, DANIEL L. PRATT, — Trustees Insane Asylum
Asylum for the Insane—Kalamazoo.

JAMES TURNER, HULBURT B. SHANK, GEORGE W. LEE, — Board of Cont. of House of Correction

HERMON CHAMBERLIN, CHAS. A. TROWBRIDGE, GEORGE W. LEE, CHARLES TRIPP, WILDER D. FOSTER, CHARLES UPSON, — Railroad Commissioners

WM. L. SEATON, Agent of the State Prison
J. EUGENE TENNEY, State Librarian.

AMOS ROOT, LUTHER H. TRASK, NELSON W. CLARK, — Inspectors of State Prison

SAMUEL P. MEAD, Supt. St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal
CHARLES DICKEY, Pres't State Agricultural Society.
R. F. JOHNSTONE, Secretary do do

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

L. R. FISK, President pro tempore, Prof. of Chemistry.
CALVIN TRACY, Prof. of Mathematics
T. C. ABBOT, Prof. of English Literature
CLEVELAND ABBE, Instructor in Civil Engineering
R. F. JOHNSTONE, General Superintendent of the Farm.

EAGLE HOTEL,
BY J. M. SHEARER,
LANSING, MICHIGAN.
Stages for St. Johns, Jackson, Detroit and Marshall, leave this house daily

LANSING HOUSE,
Lansing, - - - - Michigan.
M. HUDSON, PROPRIETOR.
WM. P. HOUCK, CLERK.
Stages leave this house daily for Jackson, St. Johns, Detroit, and intermediate places.
Lansing, April 1, 1859. 1y

NEW LIVERY STABLE.
M. J. DANIELS,
WOULD INFORM THE CITIZENS OF Lansing, that he has opened a new Livery Stable, with a full stock of fleet, well broke Horses, comfortable Buggies, Double Carriages and Sleighs, and by close attention to business hopes to merit a fair share of public patronage.
Lansing, November 30, 1858.

J. W. & E. LONGYEAR,
LAW AND CHANCERY BUSINESS, Lansing, Mich. J. W. Longyear, Commissioner for the State of New York. Office over Bailey's Banking and Exchange Office. 5y

J. L. LANTERMAN,

Office at his residence on Grand street, exactly east of the Capitol.
Lansing, June 30, 1856.

WOODHOUSE & BUTLER,
GENERAL LAND AND TAX AGENTS
LANSING, CAPITAL OF MICHIGAN.
Will furnish Abstracts of Title to Real Estate in Ingham County, and attend to the Purchase and Sale of Real Estate, Locating Bounty Land Warrants, Bidding off Land at Tax Sales, Examining Titles, Procuring Releases of Land sold for Taxes, and will take a General Supervision of all Lands entrusted to their charge.
☞Particular attention given to the payment of Taxes and collection of debts.
CHAS. W. BUTLER. WM. WOODHOUSE.

George A. Armstrong, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Lansing, Michigan. Office one door south of the post office.

PEASE & FULLER,
SUCCESSORS TO J. B. BLOSS,
Jobbers of, and Retail Dealers in, all kinds of
PAPER STATIONERY,
Paper Hangings,
ROOFING PAPER AND PRINTERS' FURNISHING GOODS,
No. 210 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

M. ELDER,
ARCHITECT & DRAUGHTSMAN,
LANSING, MICHIGAN,
Will furnish Plans, Specifications and Estimates in the best style of workmanship, and designs for Churches, Court Houses, Hotels, Private Dwellings, &c., and will contract to furnish materials and build anything in the line of Building, or superintend the same on reasonable terms.—Please give me a call.
Lansing, January 1st, 1857. 90

STANTON'S EXCHANGE,
JACKSON, Mich., opposite M. C. R. R. Depot. By STANTON & TIFFANY. General Stage Office at this House.

J. G. & T. J. RAMSDELL, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery, Lansing, Michigan. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Office over E. P. Boswell's Shoe Store, second door North of the P. O.

THE TEETH.
DR. J. S. WOOD, late of Albany, N. Y., is now ready to attend to any call in his profession. Dr. W. has had an experience of more than twenty five years in Dentestry. Charges moderate—call and see.
N. B.—Village Lots for Sale. Also, 139 acres in parcels to suit purchasers, half mile west of the city. Office and Residence on block fifty-six, corner of Seymour and Saginaw, street. 1y209

FANS, Fans, at the
CITY BOOK STORE.

A SPLENDID assortment of Bibles, School Books, Wall Paper, Curtain Paper, Cloth Shades, Curtain Fixture, Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Toilet Soap, just received at The
CITY BOOK STORE.

THE GREAT PRINCIPLE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

One of my peculiarities is a strong tendency to differ in opinions from other people upon almost every subject. I never mouth in the matter—I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of roast beef and plum pudding. Now I detest them. Nothing could be more gross, carthly, stultifying. Besides no man fond of such stuff does, ever did, or ever can sit down to a meal without running into excess. Then comes custard, ice cream, fruit, almonds, raisins, wine. You rise with a distended stomach and heavy head, and stagger away with brutish apathy. I am for light diet—milk, rice, fruit, sweet, harmless things of nature. No lambs blead for me. No stately ox is slain that I may feast. Old mother earth supplies my tender appetite. The deep, deep spring, clear as crystal—the innocent vegetables—etherial food.—thus I am keenly susceptible to every moral and natural beauty, which few enthusiastic beef-eaters are.

I differ from everybody in another thing. I belive in love at first sight. We ought to be able to tell in a week whether a woman would do for a wife. The judgment of true love is intuitive; a glance and it is done. A man of genius is in his own imagination a standard of the object of his love—an unexplainable model—the prototype to which exists somewhere in reality, although he may may never have seen or heard of her. This is wonderful but it is true. He wanders about the world, impervious to all delicious, thrilling, soul-melting of beams of beauty, till he reaches the right one. There are blue eyes—they are tender but they touch not him—There are black—they are piercing, but his heart remains whole. At length, accident flings him in contact with a creature—he hears the tones of her voice—he feels the warm streams of soul shining from her countennnce. Gaze meets gaze, and thought sparkles into thought, till the magic blaze is kindled, and they fall in love.

It sometimes happens, that for one model in the imagination of this man of genius, there are accidentally two or three prototypes in real life, or rather, he has two or three different models.

It is a great misfortune for a man to have more models than one. They lead him astray. They involve him in difficulties. They play the very devil with him.

And yet metaphysicians and phrenologists ought to know that it is no affair of his. If a school-boy has the organ of destrution, you may whip him for killing flies, but you must not wonder at him. If a youth——But this brings me back again to my subject.

I never could tell how many of these models Fred had; a great many, no doubt. He was a sad dog—a Don Juan—a sort of Giovanni in——but that was his business.

—

Oh! the sweet woman! It is almost incredulous. He must have dealt in magic. It was a perfect blessing to be near him; to catch the light and heat of the thousand glances which fell upon him, and of which he caught a few stray ones, though only by an accident. Lovely women fell into his mouth like ripe plums. He had clusters of them. They all loved him, and he loved them all. His soul was as large as St Paul's.

"What are you thinking, Fred?" said I.

"Caroline," he answered.

"She who sailed yesterday for England?"

"Yes—I loved her."

"And she?"

He rose and opened an escritoire.

"Is it not perfectly beautiful?"

The sweet relic of golden sunshiny hair lay curled charmingly in a rose colored envelope. It did look pretty. But—

"Has Caroline B—— such light hair?" asked I. "I never knew—I always thought—I was observing only yesterday that—surely, surely you have made no mistake—see what is that written at the bottom of the paper, Julia?"

Fred. hastily looked again in the little pigeon hole, and drew forth another rose colored envelope—another and another.

I smiled—so did he.

"What vile narrow prejudice it is," said Fred.

"What?"

"That man can love only once. I have loved twenty—fifty—nay, a hundred times. I *always* love *some one*. Sometimes two at a time—sometimes twenty."

"Heartless," exclaimed I. "This is not *love!* love is soul-absorbing, pure, constant, immutable."

"Hark ye," said Fred. "I seldom *cease* to love. Adding another angel to the list does not infer the striking out of any of the others. There is no limit. A man of soul loves just as he happens to be placed in relation to women. I am warmed by them as I am when I stand in the sunshine. Because I have a garden here, when the beams of the god of day fall on my shoulders with a pleasant ardor—must I not feel the warmth when I stand in the garden yonder. It is the great principle—should the object of my early love die—must I be ever thereafter dead to the most exquisite of human passions? Death is only absence. I know twelve pretty women. They are better than man. Nature made them so. They are all different—all excellent—all divine. Can I be blind? Can I be deaf? Shall I deny that their voices are sweet—their hearts tender—their minds clear and intelligent? No. I love them all. Julia, Mary, Fanny, Helen, Henrietta, Eliza. I never think of them without sensations of delight."

Frederick felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife.

"The devil," he said.

I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bachelor myself. Curtain lectures are not in my way. I have troubles enough of my own. Mrs. B. did not come down to dinner. Mr. B. did not come to tea. I did not get up the next morning to breakfast. So I could not know what was the result.

—

Mrs. B. is one of the loveliest women I ever met. I believe I have two or three models myself. It is pleasant enough, but then—every rose has its thorns.

"Only think!" she said to me, her eyes moistened with tears, her cheeks crimsoned with shame, her bosom palpitating with distress, twelve! he loves twelve he says."

"A whole jury," said I.

"It is monstrous," said she.

"Monstrous indeed!" echoed I.

"What if I should love twelve officers!" said she.

"Tit for tat," said I.

"Or six," said she.

"Too good for him!" said I, asking her hand.

"Or three," said she.

"Or one," said I, drawing her toward me, and kissing her soft lips. She was my only sister, and I always loved her.

The plot was arranged. Frederick had meditated a journey of two days, but was called by an anonymous note, at nine the the same evening.

Tall women are so scarce! We hired the uniforms at the tailor's.

—

"I am thunderstruck," exclaimed Henry to me. "The world is at an end. The sun is out. What! Kate!—my dear Kate!" Tears gushed from his eyes.

"I saw it myself," said the servant.

"Kissed her!"

"Six times," said John.

Frederick caught the pistol and pointed at his head, I wrenched it from his grasp.

"Come with me," I said. "Perhaps it may be a mistake."

We opened the door softly. In the next room sat Mrs. B.—at her feet a richly dressed young soldier, who kissed her hand, received from her a lock of hair, swore he loved her, and left her with an ardent embrace.

"I am suffocating," said Fred.

"Hush!" I exclaimed. "See there is another. How familiarly he seats himself beside her—takes her hand—"

"I shall strangle to death."

"Patience."

"The other was only the Lieutenant," whispered John.

"Dearest Colonel!" said Julia.

"I am blessed with too few such faithful friends."

I held Fred with the grasp of a giant.

"That I love you, I cannot deny. A woman's soul loves just as she happens to be placed in relation to men. She is warmed by their noble characters as she is when she stands in the sunshine. It is the great principle."

"Loveliest of her sex," said her companion.

Fred burst forth, leveling both pistols at the colonel. He pulled the triggers, but they did not go off. Pistols loaded with sawdust seldom do.

The Colonel uttered a scream and fled.

"Madam," said Fred, swelling with indignation, "have you any more of these affectionate friends?"

"Only eight, my dear husband. Why—what puts you in such a rage?"

"Perfidious wretch!"

"Hear me," said Mrs. B. solemnly.—"When we married, I intended to devote my life, my actions, my heart to you.—From you I expected the same. I can see no distinction in our relative duties to each other. Love must exist on both sides—or on neither. Whatever may be the opinion of a heartless world, 'a man of soul, and of virtue makes his wife.'" "I am not to be preached to, traitress," said Fred. "I leave you now forever; but not till I take vengeance on my new military acquaintances. Where are they?"

"They are here," she answered.

The door was thrown open, and the two officers with their *chapeaux* off, were heard giggling and laughing in a most unmilitary manner.

Fred soon discovered the truth, and I read him his moral.

Husbands, all remember, that wives have equal anguish and shame with yourselves, in releiving a share of affection, though they do not possess your despotic power in extorting it. The slightest deriliction of a moment, on the part of a wife, stamps her forever with ignominy and ruin; while the absurd customs of society allow a man a greater latitude, in slightning, neglecting and deceiving her whose whole happiness is in his keeping. Of these customs the "man of soul" will never take advantage.

THE WARNING OF THE LONDON TIMES IN AUSTRIA.

The London *Times*, which has all along inclined to an Austrian view of the continental difficulties, speaks as follows:

Austria still stands in the same attitude, her armed hand uplifted, but the irrevocable blow not yet dealt. All conservative Europe presses around her to stay her arm. England is perhaps the only disinterested friend who, for Austria's own sake, and for the cause of humanity, and for the prevention of bloodshed, and in the hope of peace, is honestly anxious that she should not do a madman's act, and set fire to the four corners of Europe. Other powers have their own policy and their own interests. Russia can scarcely have yet taught herself to look upon the events of 1857 as ancient history. Prussia is a rival as well as an ally, and it is not ten years since the troops of the two great German powers were drawn up in opposing lines. But England, especially under a tory government and gently influenced to Germanic sympathies, is a prudent friend, whose advice should not by lightly thrown away.—There has been time for Lord Malmesbury's strong protest to work.

If Austria stands ready to strike, Sardinia no less dauntlessly offers herself to the blow. No sooner was it known in Turin that the aid-de-camp of General Gyulia had conveyed to the Court a summons to disarm under the pressure of an Austrian army, than the Parliament assembled and the Chambers voted *les pleins pouvoirs* to the King. Constitutional forms were suspended under the force of immediate national danger; and, that the power of resistance may be concentrated, an absolute dictatorship was created. There was nothing like flinching in the conduct of the Sardinian Chambers, and there is no likelihood of submission on the part of the King. We have no hope—we have never entertained any hope—that Sardinia would yield to this menace; nor is there any influential class in this country who would have seen with patience so tame a submission to unreasonable force. Sardinia can make no other answer to Austria than to bid him come and take the arms he demands. If the peace of Europe should be saved unbroken, it must be by the retraction of Austria, and not by the submission of Piedmont.

It is again remarkable, as an untoward result of our present minister's necessities, that while the youngest constitutional monarchy in Europe is ready at a great crisis to speak by the voice of its Parliament, and to resolve upon acts of devoted patriotism, the eldest of all constitutional thrones is left without a Parliament, and the English people have representatives to prompt a national policy, or to control the course which may be taken by the ministry of a minority. We believe that if English opinion could now make itself known through the usual Parliamentary medium, it would speak so loudly to Austria that even at this last moment her enterprise would be stayed. All that Lord Derby said to France, and much more than Lord Derby ventured say to France, the voice of the country would now say to Austria. Has she yet ears to listen? Or is she even now about in a few hours to demonstrate to the world how hollow were her pretences of fearing the Sardinian levies by driving them before her in hopeless rout? Is she even now showing how much more she was incensed than endangered by the handful of refugees who were gathered under the Sardinian colors? Is she about to prove to Europe the necessity of her offensive movements, and the formidable nature of the attitude of Sardinia, by annihilating at one blow the army she affected to dread, and by moving upon Turin by rapid marches?

But Austria has outstripped her enemies. She has surprised France as she was leisurely putting on her armor, and she has come upon Sardinia like a strong man upon a small noisy rioter shouting defiance to an adversary whom he believed to be at a distance. It is clever, and it is promptly done. Austria has the opening of the game in her own hands; her forces may swarm across the frontier river; she may destroy or disperse the Italian army; she may drive the broken remnants into the three great Sardinian fortresses, or up into the passes of the Western Alps; she may cover the open country; she may inflict upon Sardinia the mortification of occupying her capital; and she may teach the inhabitants of Turin what are the habitual sufferings of the inhabitants of Lombardy. But is this all? Is this all that is necessary for Austria to accomplish? Not so. She will, when all this has been done, have only given the signal for the real conflict. She will have done an act of stupid force. She will not only have put herself in the wrong with the conservative powers of Europe, but she will have destroyed the only grounds upon which they could have given her assistance. With General Gyulai at Turin, where then are the treties of 1815? With Austria in possession of Sardinia, the Bonapartes who even now pessively repubiate the Congress of Vienna, will re-enter into the full rights of belligerents. What right shall we then have to say to Sarbinia and her allies, "Thus far shall ye go and no further?" The first Austrian picket that passes the Ticoni will tear the seals from all those treaties under which Austria now holds her Italian provinces; the first Austrian cannon that booms upon Sardinian soil will salute the freedon of the Italian Peninsula. Tis is not a war that can be decided by a hasty march, however primarily successful. What Austria holds in Italy she owes to the mutual jealousies of European Powers operating at Vienna in 1815; by crossing the Ticino she will destroy this her only title, and throw all chances of Austrian power in Italy upon the fortune of arms.

Surely this cannot be the policy of a prudent Power? Built up by alliances, by marriages, and by treaties, she seizes a moment of quite exceptional military preponderance to throw up all her acknowledged rights, and to trust all to the power of force and to a right by conquest yet to be acquired. This seems to us so much more like an act of desperation than a policy based upon sound counsil that we cannot even yet abandon the hope that she may stay her hand before she casts this terrible die. If, however, this hope should be disappoited, then we can see but one ultimate consequence. Europe, which was ready, up to the time of this fatal invasion, to make a hard bargain, perhaps too hard a bargain, for Italy, will thereafter be content with nothing less than the retreat of the Austrians behind the Alps.

COL. LANDER'S SURVEY.—The advance party of Col. Lander's company, for the further prosecution of the survey and construction of the government road from the point reached last year, left this city on last Friday, to be followed in a few days by the Colonel himself and his whole force. With the chief of the expedition the country is acquainted through his able and scientific reports, and his achievements in the vast country which he, more than any other living man, perhaps, has been the means of opening to the enterprise of our citizens. During their stay in our city we have had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of many of those who are to be his comrades in the scenes of toil which lie before them. We congratulate the Colonel upon his success in calling around him such material. Educated, enterprising and brave, they will aid him in accomplishing whatever his stern will and duty may lead him to undertake in the wild regions which intervene between the borders of civilization of our Eastern and Western frontiers.—*St. Joseph (Mo) Gazette, May 4.*

LAY OF THE DESERTED.—"An unfortunate husband," residing out West, having been deprived of the society of his charming wife, who had left for parts unknown, thus gives vent to his feelings, through the medium of a public advertisement:

"My wife has left my bed and board,
For a few days—few days;
She eloped from here of her own accord,
While I was away from home.

"I warn the world that no amount,
Now-a-days—now-a-days,
Will I pay on the jade's account,
For home she'll never come!"

BUYING UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE.

An occurrence took place last week in this city, that caused no little merriment, and any amount of chagrin. I refer to an auction sale of uncalled for packages, by the Adams Express Company. The Company having been established here a number of years, a large collection of packages had accumulated, and removing into new offices, the agent was desirous of clearing out. Accordingly, a goodly stock was advertised to be sold at auction, consisting of large trunks, boxes, carpet bags, small packages, &c., as originally received, unopened and contents unknown. A very large crowd gathered, and the bidding was very animated, as it was the *first sell* of the kind that had taken place. As the bidders became possessors, the excitement grew intense, and a rush would be made expecting to see the ower open his parcel. In most instances, the buyer would hold on and keep the satisfaction of his bargain to himself; but occasionally an opening would occur, either to create a good laugh, or dissatisfaction among the crowd. One of the first to make known his purchase was a party who had a small package nicely sealed, which on opening it, proved to be a small gold watch and chain, for which he paid \$4 50. This was a perfect *stool*, for all similar packages were run up to almost incredible amounts. After a hot contest, a parcel similar in size was purchased by a gentleman for \$13 50, who with energy opened it, exposing to the crown a small daguerreotype of a sentimental young gent, which originally cost about fifty cents. Two mysterious packages were sold at \$7 50 each, which, on bding opened, contained each two bottles of Dr James', "whose sands of life have nearly run out," medicine, and many more even more ludicrous bargains. One party expended something over one hundred dollars, obtained for it, about four dollars in value, and I am told he has sued the firm for restoration.

[*N. O. Corresp't of Bostsn Ledger.*

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

The Syracuse Journal contains further particulars in regard to the recent accident on the Central Railroad. We copy the following statement of H. G. Glen, engineer:

"On Wednesday morning, May 18, at 43 minutes past 9 o'clock, as my train was passing a crossing, one mile west of Jordan, I felt a sudden jerk, and immediately whistled to brake. At that very instant the engine separated from the train. I looked around, and saw the cars rise one above another and fall from the track. I stopped the engine as soon as possible, and backed, say twenty rods, to the scene of the accident. I found the baggage car and two passenger-cars off the track. The baggage-car was not injured; the trucks of one of the passenger-coaches was torn off; the other was damaged but little.

"A passenger came to me and asked me what was the cause of the accident. I replied that I did not know. He said he thought an axle was broken. Upon examination I found a cow lying beside the track, dead and mangled. Her head was cut nearly in two from the top. I suppose the cow was on the side of the track, and that, as the train approached, she sought to cross over—as cattle usually do—and was hit by the side of the engine and whirled completely around, falling under the front wheels of the baggage car. This in my opinion, was the way in which the accident happend. When I first saw Conductor Gifford he was lying under the truck of the forward coach, at the rear end, with a wheel over his neck. The passengers stated that when the shock came, Gifford was in the act of passing from one car to another. "I started for Jordan with the engine, for the purpose of procureing the services of the physicians residing there, and of telegrahing to Syracuse for aid.—Arriving there, I took a coach from a freight train that was waiting at that place, with which I went back to the scene of the disaster, and took the wounded to Jordan station. Afterward, those who were not injured were taken to the station in the same manner. I then went for the baggage, most of which I found in good condition. I then returned to Jordan, where I found the extra train from Syracuse in waiting. The wounded passengers were put aboard the train, and, with those who escaped unhurt, were brought to this city."

The sufferers were well cared for at the hotels at Syracuse, where they are attended by the various resident physicians. Their condition is stated as follows:

Mr. Slosson, of Piqua, Ohio, at first reported fatally injured, is improving, and hopes are entertained of his recovery. He rallied this morning sufficiently to sit up, converse and take nourishment.

Mrs. Slosson is in great pain. Her neck is badly bruised, and it is feared that her spine is injured. She cannot be moved without fainting. Will probably recover, though the process must be slow.

Mr. Kimball, of Chicago, feels much better, though he suffers great pain. His collar bone, and one of his ribs are broken. We found him sitting up. Mrs. Kimball, his sister in law, of St. Louis, with her daughter and sister, have gone on to N. Y.

Joseph Barr, of Hamilton, Canada, is doing well, though his collar bone is fractured, and the pain is quite severe. He, also, was sitting up when we called.

Mrs. Brown and Miss Bosman, of New Orleans, are comparatively comfortable, though they experience great pain and soreness from their bruises.

Mr. Wilson, of Rochester, Mr. Holmes, of Millersburgh, Ohio, Mr. Kellogg, of Bridgewater, Oneida county, Mr. Reidemeister, of Toledo, and Mr. Clark, of Covington, Ohio, have resumed their journey.

ST. CHARLES.—Miss Hewitt, of Montreal, is in a critical condition. Her pains are intense, and there is great fear of dangerous inflammation. Her senses are perfect, and she sleeps much of the time.

Mrs Priscilla Brown, of Oswego, expectorates blood quite freely. Her shoulder blade is dislocated, and her person exhibits several ugly bruises. No bones broken.

Mr. Hutchins, of Fayetteville, is doing well. His neck and head are badly bruised.

Johannah Eisel and Pauline Seyra, of New York, are as well as could be expected. Miss Eisel says that the flesh is torn from her back, and that her breast is very sore. The slightest movement causes her great pain. Miss Seyra is not seriously injured.

SYRACUSE HOUSE.—Mrs. McCoy, of Matteson, Illinois, had her shoulder dislocated, and suffers greatly in consequence. Mr. McCoy is but slightly injured.

Mrs. Robelin and child, of Potosi, Wisconsin, are doing well.

The conductor, Gifford, was buried on Sunday, at Rochester, by the Masonic order of which he was a member.

A FUGITIVE-SLAVE SUIT.—It is to be presumed that our readers have not forgotten the circumstances of the escape of a slave from a gentleman residing in the vicinity of Cynthiana, mentioned in our paper a month or two ago, and of the fact of his being in our city. He was seen here by Deputy City Marshal Morton, who supposed at the time, from the air of indifference assumed by the negro, that he had been sent in from the country by his master, and therefore he passed and repassed him without suspicion, and he knew no better until his owner arrived, having in his possession a printed hand-bill offering a reward of \$100 for his apprehension. The owner, while here, ascertained that his negro made an attempt to pass over to the Cincinnati side on the ferry-boat commanded by Capt Ed Air, that Capt. Air examined his pass, which was more like the papers of a free negro than the pass granted to a slave by his master, and being somewhat in doubt, under all the circumstances, he (Capt. Air) refused to allow him to cross on his boat. The owner of the negro subsequently became informed that the runaway passed over the Kentucky Central Railroad, arriving in Covington, and he consequently brought suit against the Railroad Company to recover the full value of the slave, who probably escaped through the facilities offered by the Underground Railroad to Canada, the depot of fugitive slaves.

Capt. Ed Air left yesterday morning for Cynthiana, summoned by the defense, to give testimony in the case, which testimony will be in relation to the pass exhibited by the negro when he made an attempt to cross the Ohio at our ferry. If the result should be that the suit was decided in favor of the plaintiff, it would institute a provocation on the part of the Railroad Company for them to refuse to transport all negroes hereafter, except they were in the company of their masters, as the conductors, as in this case, would always be liable to be imposed upon by forged or spurious papers. The fact of so much time having transpired between the escape of the slave and the appearance of the handbill affixing a reward for his arrest, in connection with the peculiar papers shown to Capt. Air by the negro, may have the tendency to decide the case in favor of the Railroad Company, which seems to be entitled to such a disposition of justice.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

ASHTABULA ON THE OBERLIN TRIALS.—We find in the Cleveland papers the proceedings of a large meeting which was held at Jefferson, the county seat of Ashtabula, on Saturday night, to declare in favor of State Rights and Personal Liberty. An amount of feeling exists in the Western Reserve, and particularly in Ashtabula county, on the subject of the Oberlin rescue trials, to which that of Southern and Central Ohio bears no comparison. At this meeting resolutions were adopted denouncing the Fugitive Slave law, and pledging the prisoners at Cleveland, that if judicial relief was not ultimately afforded, "*no prison should hold them.*" Senator Cadwell addressed the people in a speech of great power and eloquence, and after the committee had reported the resolutions, Mr. Giddings spoke and "made one of his powerful and peculiar speeches, with telling effect. He closed by sketching a history of the Order of the Sons of Liberty in New England, an organized body of the days of the Revolution, to apply the doctrines of free government and practice protection of the right. They were the men, he said, who compelled the British Stamp Act Commissioner, Ingersoll, to resign his royal commission; and afterward enacted the 'Boston Tea Party.' He then submitted a constitution for such a body, and after signing it himself, invited others to follow his example; *when nearly a hundred names were enrolled on the spot!* These men will be heard from when you want them." As a significant fact in this matter, we notice that among those who took part in this meeting, are the names of some who are the most conservative in the community—an old Whig of Old Whigs standing at the head of the committee on resolutions. Nearly all the county officers participated. Senator Wade was absent from town.

A RATHER THIN "HANIMAL."—Jones' Hotel ("Woodland,") on the Bloomingdale road, is ornamented with a hostler, whose fun is as fearless as his face is ugly. One day in January, while twenty or thirty fast gentlemen were standing on the front balcony of the Hotel, an individual rode up to the path, on the thinnest horse mortal eyes ever looked upon. Leaping from this phantom steed, the equestrian said, turning to the hostler:

"Here, John, give my horse some water."

"Sir?" said John, with a look of astonishment.

"Give my horse some water!" thundered the stranger.

"Your horse!" ejaculated John, still more surprised.

"Yes, you fool, my horse!" and the stranger looked savagely at him, and commenced drawing the lash of his whip through his hand.

John walked toward him as though he would demand an explanation, and had taken about six steps, when he suddenly stopped like one surprised beyond expression—

"Bless my soul!" says he; "I ax your pardon, sir; but your hanimal was a standin' on a line with that ere hitchin' post, and I didn't see him!"

The owner of the spectral horse tried to frown, but a roar from the balcony made him change his mind.

Rhubarb Wine—How to Make it.

Some time since we published a notice of wine made from pie-plant or rhubarb. It had been tasted by a number of good judges, who did not know its source, and pronounced it a very fair sample of pale sherry. It certainly did resemble that wine, both in appearance and taste. It not only deceived wine-drinkers here, but a sample sent to Cincinnati was tasted by men skilled in the art of tasting wines and detecting adulterations, and called a good sample of American sherry, only wanting age to be excellent. Basing an opinion upon our own judgment, we have and do pronounce it as much superior, as a beverage, to half the costly wines sold in this city, as pure otard brandy is superior to "fighting rum," such as is manufactured in New York, and which in its turn manufactures demons out of human beings. Now since mankind will have something stimulating, and since it is fashionable for all who can afford it, to drink wine, and since a very abundant quantity of something that, at least will serve as a good substitute, can be made from rhubarb stalks, we repeat our recommendation of that kind of juice.

HOW RHUBARB WINE IS MADE.—Since our first notice, our letters of inquiry, "How is it made?" have been too numerous to answer, if we had known how, but as we did not, we wrote to B. P. Cahoon, of Kenosha, Wis., who, so far as we are informed, originated the rhubarb wine manufacture, from his remarkable seedling pie-plant, which grows larger than any other known variety.

The following is Mr. Cahoon's reply:

"Herewith I send you a sample of 'pie-plant wine,' made last September, by mixing equal quantities of water with the juice of the stalks, and to each gallon, 3½ lbs fair quality of New Orleans sugar, put in barrels, filled full, and fined with isinglass, and allowed to remain in the barrels till Spring, and then bottled. By adding or diminishing the quantity of sugar, it will vary the strength of the wine in the same proportion. The pure juice, without water, makes a very strong wine, by using 4 lbs. of sugar to each gallon."

It appears that the process is exactly that with currant-juice, blackberry-juice, elderberry-juice, gooseberry-juice, or any other juice, such as has long been used in families all over the country, for the manufacture of beverages called wine.

The advantage of the rhubarb, particularly such a rank growth as Cahoon's seedling gives, is that it affords a greater quantity of juice than any other plant; and so far as it appears to us, it is a better quality than any but grape-juice for the manufacture of domestic wine. Of course it will afford, also, an abundance of cheap and good vinegar. The acid of the plant, as all pie-makers are aware, is decidedly sharp.

THE QUANTITY OF RHUBARB WINE FOR USE.—In our former notice, we gave the product of rhubarb wine, per acre, as 800 gallons. Mr. Cahoon says:

"This estimate is very much below the matter of fact, as tested here. Mr. G. Lewis, the purchaser of my plantation of pie-plant, made last season from one-eighth of an acre, 400 gallons like the sample I send you. It is a fair estimate that 2,500 gallons can be made from an acre of well-cultivated roots of my seedling. The wine costs here about 40 cents per gallon to the manufacturer."

According to this statement, instead of 800 gallons per acre, the product is over 800 barrels, and almost the entire cost of the article would be the price paid for the sugar. Probably, upon a large scale, five cents a gallon would pay all the expense of labor of cuttıng the plants, grinding, pruning and bowelling. With sorghum sugar for sweetening, we don't see anything to prevent the country from having wine cheap enough, if that will make men more temperate than cheap whisky.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NEWBURYPORT.—There is a horse chestnut tree standing in front of No. 8 Vernon st, from which a few days since a lower limb was sawed, when on the surface of the remaining portion of the limbs, left in the heart of the tree, was the figure of a bishop in full canonicals, his right arm extended, the left concealed in the folds of his robes. The tree was sat out many years ago by "Uncle Nat" Bayley, as he was familiarly called, who was sexton at St. Paul's Church; and the figure is said to be a striking figure of Bishop Bass, formerly rector of St. Paul's Church, to whom "Uncle Nat" was most devotedly attached. Any body having a love for the curious in nature, will do well to look at that tree. We have heard of human forms and faces, formed by branches of trees and trunks, and by rocks, and the face of the old man of the White Mountains, but we have never seen or heard of a likeness so strange as that.—*Herald.*

LATE RESTITUTION.—"Patrick, the widow Molony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?"

"Yis, yer honor!"

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, yer honor!"

"Oh, Patrick, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig, on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverence?"

"To be sure I did?"

"Well, thin, yer riverence, I'll say, Mrs. Molony here's your pig!"

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.—Some four years ago a young man came north from New Orleans, bringing with him an inheritance of \$70,000.—Two years of the time he spent keeping a grocery in the northern portion of Indiana, at a place which shall be nameless, during which time he lost the bulk of his fortune. For the past two years he has been in this city, and during the first year of his residence in the Garden City, he managed to dissipate the balance. He is a splendid accountant, and, would be but keep sober, could command any salary as a book-keeper; but rum has been his foe, and yesterday we saw him posting handbills upon the street corners. That's the way the money goes.—*Chicago Dem. May 12.*